

In Memoriam



Carl Leslie Scatterday

On the morning of Wednesday, the first day of January, nineteen-hundred-nineteen, after an illness of one week from pneumonia following influenza, death came to Carl Leslie Scatterday, which closed a life that had been notable for its clean, upright and sterling manhood. Carl was born in Pontiac, Illinois, November twelfth, eighteen-eighty-one, his parents being Zillah M. and Henry H. Scatterday, and has spent all of his life here. He graduated from the city schools and then entered the Township High School, from which institution he graduated in nineteen-hundred, after which he completed a course in the Gem City Business College at Quincy, Illinois. On finishing his studies, he returned to this city, taking a position with the Central Union Telephone Company, and later going to the Pontiac Shoe Manufacturing Company in a clerical capacity.

In December of nineteen-hundred-eight, he entered the office of Circuit Clerk J. G. Whitson as Deputy Clerk, remaining in that position until his last illness.

During his stay in that office he proved himself to be a most efficient clerk, performing his duties in a most accommodating and courteous manner.

He leaves to mourn his loss, his parents, three

brothers and one sister: Ralph Burton Scatterday, of Caldwell, Idaho; Grace Scatterday Bone and Richard Oliver Scatterday, of Pontiac, and Russell Harold Scatterday, in the Government service aboard the U. S. S. North Dakota.

During his life he had been an attendant at the First Methodist Episcopal Church. He was a member of Pontiac Lodge, No. 1019, B. P. O. E., and at the time of his death was Secretary of that organization. He was also a member of Pontiac Camp No. 5, Modern Woodmen of America. He was a young man who had made for himself a very large circle of friends, both in this City as well as in this County, all of whom deeply regret his passing.

The funeral services were held at the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Sunday afternoon, at three o'clock, conducted by Reverend M. L. O'Harra, assisted by Reverend R. S. McCown, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church.

Mrs. Helen Legg Reynolds sang "Sometime We'll Understand" and "Lead, Kindly Light," with Mrs. J. A. Legg at the organ.

The floral offerings were many and beautiful. The services were attended by members of the Elks and Modern Woodmen of America, and by a very large number of friends of the deceased.

The pallbearers were J. G. Whitson, S. R. Baker, George L. Bigelow, C. E. Foster, Clark L. Legg and Harry N. Kipp.

"But now we see through a glass darkly: but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known."—1 Cor. 13:12.

"There are poems unwritten and songs unsung,
Sweeter than any that ever were heard;
Poems that will wait for an angel tongue,
Songs that long for a Paradise bird,
Poems that ripple through lowliest lives,
Poems unnoted and hidden away,
Poems that only the angels above us
Looking down deep in the soul may behold,
Felt, though unseen, by the dear ones who love us,
Written in lines all in letters of gold."

Sometime We'll Understand

Not now, but in the coming years,
It may be in the better land,
We'll read the meaning of our tears,
And there, sometime, we'll understand.

We'll catch the broken threads again,
And finish what we here began;
Heav'n will the mysteries explain,
And then, ah then, we'll understand.

God knows the way, He holds the key,
He guides us with unerring hand;
Sometime with tearless eyes we'll see;
Yes, there, up there, we'll understand.

In Memoriam---An Appreriation

By FRANK F. SCATTERDAY, of Ashkum, Ill.

“His life was gentle; and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world—‘This is a man!’ ”

Thus might one very appropriately characterize the life of Carl, for he was known as a man worthy the name, by all with whom he came in contact. How often have I opened the book of memory that I might read again and again the pages bright with the record of his life. And what a record! His kindly words and deeds, his love of home and dear ones there, his ever kindly thoughtfulness of others, together with his sympathetic nature and broad altruism, shall ever live in the memory of those with whom he came in contact day by day.

The happy days I spent with him in the years gone by—how vividly and how often do I recall them, and their memory is a precious and priceless possession. Many indeed are those who share with me this memory. All who knew him have cause to appreciate the fact that he came into their lives, and thereby made them better.

Carl so lived that his life was a worthy example to those about him, and it may truly be said that the world is better because he lived in it. His good

influence touching the lives of so many, through them, has been carried far and wide and passed on to others. To him, friendship was a sacred thing, and to his friends he was loyal and true. No worthier tribute can be paid to his memory than to say that his friends are numbered by those he met. His winning personality drew all men to him. His sterling character easily stood all tests.

The volume of his life is complete, and now occupies an honored place in the library of Him who is the Author. All honor be to the memory of Carl, the loving son and brother, the true friend, the loyal and patriotic citizen.